

Lil Rob

"A Whole Lotta Hatin'"

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(feat. Royal T, Point Blank, OG Spanish Fly)

[Royal T]
Hell Yeah
Check this out
It's motherfuckin' Royal T homie
Up on this bitch
Fuckin' vatos yappin' homie
We don't fuck around at Low Pro

[Verse 1]
Never fucking around
You wanna be known the way I be puttin' them down
Bucking them down fool, the way I be getting around
Hard on the city, be fellin' your pity, just hopin' there's
no tomorrow
When ever you mom's on my mind fool, you know the
time
The way I murder and slaughter you father, your
mother, and your daughter
When ever you comin', you better be gunnin', before I
make my motherfuckin'
?? comin'
Gang bangin' in the 6-1-9, Low Pro keep it real when we
on the grind

I'm stuck up fool, I don't hear the hater's talkin'
I focus on chips, that bullshit keep walkin'
Got at your ex, cause baby doll keep jockin'
Got her, sprong on the dick, now that bitch is night
stalkin'
Tryna be my baby's mama, but chill baby doll
I already got one, that drive's me up the fuckin' wall
I'm just tryna ball, and be single and free
Now watch me hope a '63 from L.A. to S.D.

[Chorus x2:]
It's so ruff, so tuff, the shit we been trough (What!!)
A Whole lotta hatin', be still continue (Biatch)
Making dope track's that still offend you (What!!)
Either we gonna hit the street's or we gonn hit'chu

(Oooooo)

[Verse 2]

I'm old school, no 20's, I roll 13's
S.D., Jersey, it's about time you heard me
Slow motion through the city
Needy with the greedy
What'chu know about the Low Profile committee
Scopin' chica's with the tight clothes
Always spittin' tight flows, hit'chu with oh, five holes
What'chu ready to die holmes?
Watch me get my shine on, watch me get my ride on
If you got beef, homie, we gonna collide homles

True gangster shit, get on my hit
Now trip if you wanna trip
But I spit flows, equivalent, 2 slug's of the clip
Don't slit, we got it on lock, keep da block from burnin'
down
Platinum sounds, made enough cash, to put you
underground

Hell yeah, got that heat, 17 shot's across the street
I made that money, and like pussy, I'm gonna kill it
Ese's don't play, we roll mad ??
Test the ball's on my homie, you'll be dead in the street
of Southeast

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: Lil' Rob]

I wake up in the morning, can't wait for night time
You said you got a style but it's not quite like mine
You said your fucking real? then let's keep it real
You wanna be like me cause I got the rap appeal
You little leva, every time I hear your name
I laugh cause I know you, claimin' that your somethin'
You ain't nothin', your bluffin', so ruff, so tuff
When your on the mic, put it down, like your head
When I saw you at the mall that night
Every thing you say is dumb, crack my cranium
I'll crack you cranium, in the center, of Qualcomm
Stadium
With everybody watchin', "You can only witness the
thing's you see
Not the things you hear" remember that, so stop
talking
mocking what your jocking, next time you see me puto,
keep on walkin'
Don't be stopping or we'll be boxing
You hate me, but you play me, how else would you hear

this
Checkin' out my lyrics cause you fear this you can't get
near this

[Chorus x2]

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